Fuckin' Code Prairie Doggin'

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/41227569.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	M/M, Multi
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Bobby Bronson/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Bobby Bronson/Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Bobby Bronson & Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter & Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter/Bobby Bronson/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Bobby Bronson, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Laxative Prank, Married Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Married Bobby Bronson/Nigel, Missions Gone Wrong, I blame that one YT Video, Crack Treated Seriously, Nigel is bored, Hannibal is done with his brother's shit, The author is finally learning how to tag, please don't do this to your spouses, i have no regrets in writing this, a hint of incest if you squint
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Murder RoarDogs
Stats:	Published: 2022-09-18 Words: 1,849 Chapters: 1/?

Fuckin' Code Prairie Doggin'

by Lil_Ravenstag

Summary

Nigel decided he wanted to be a have a little fun, Hannibal is done with his brother's shenanigans and their husbands are the poor targets of said shenanigans. Chaos ensued and Crack idea treated seriously.

Notes

I solemnly swear this came from a video i saw and then i was coaxed by Alex to go for it-

See the end of the work for more notes

“Nigel, this is a bad idea and I'm not saving you from this, and you are not dragging me into this mess, physically and metaphorically.” Hannibal said as he looked at his brother disapprovingly before making sure his own lunch was safe from whatever disaster his twin brother was plotting.

“Relax Han, They ain’t gunna know know, swears it.” Nigel said as he packed their Husbands’ respective lunches, plus he was going to be dropping them off so it’s not like they would be able to tell because they won’t even see nigel.

“I bid you all the luck, you’ll need it.” was all hannibal said before making his way to the front door and grabbing his coat to head to work, truly not wanting to get involved in whatever his twin was plotting

“Nah, I’ll be fine, i just know this is going to be fucking funny!” he calls out and knows Hannibal heard it before the door clicked shut.

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Everything was as peaceful as it could be in the luxurious Baltimore neighborhood, until of course the sound of roaring engines were heard, both from matching purrs of patrol motors owned by the husbands’ of the Lecter Twins, That happen to be brothers as well, twins too, to be exact.

The rushed parking and locking of vehicles were apparent as one kicked the kickstand and was practically running as if their life was depending on it and soon enough the twin was following suit.

Will was the first to get his keys and practically break said key as he was trying to open the door of their home but managed to not snap it in half while he was turning it, he was close though, before Bobby was barreling past him, getting his hand on the strap of his helmet and cursing heavily when he couldn’t get the buckle to release any faster.

Will also barrels past him, opting to strip his boots first and throw them by the doorway, before his gloves followed and then came his helmet that landed on the couch as he moved along the house, a trail of his police equipment in his wake. “Fuck Fuck Fucking Fuck”

Bobby was tailing him as he cursed too “Fucking Right- now get out of the way! I swear will i will tackle you out of the way if you dare stop me from-”

“I’m going first whether you like it or not!” The twin in glasses screams as he threw his cuffs onto the floor “This is a Fuckin’ Code Prairie Dog and i am not afraid to tase you, brother mine.” he warned as he jumped about and began to pant, frustration building up as he couldn’t get his radio to unclip

Bobby wasn’t doing any better as he only got his helmet off, running his hand through his curls and he threw his radio and baton to the nearest table as he shoved his brother away from where he was unclipping his handcuffs from his belt and finally working on his uniform vest.

Will was not having it, tripping his brother down the carpet as he worked on unhooking his baton and flashlight before feeling himself go down in a huge heap on the floor himself “FUCKING BITCH BOBBY I NEED TO GO” He yells as he kicks his foot that his brother grabbed and was yanking, struggling as he was getting to unclasping his utility belt.

Bobby was toothily smiling as he held his twin’s leg in one hand and the other was dealing with the stupid buckle of his utility belt. “Oh no, if someone’s going, that’s definitely me!” he said as he heard the matching clicks of belts and both bolting down the hallway, sock covered feet making them slip as they felt themselves on the edge and the sweat building up on their foreheads dripping as they ran.

Will shudders as he looks at his brother before flashing him a guilty smile, biting his lower lip and throws open a closet door before locking himself in the bathroom next to it.

Bobby hit the door nose first with a nasty crunch and a loud thud and groan to follow. “WILL HOW DARE YOU PLAY DIRTY YOU HOE-” He yells as he held his nose and feels the blood trickle, at least the pain was slightly distracting,

The sound of clicks and zippers were heard on the other side of the door and finally a very relieved long sigh.

Bobby looked in the supply closet and spotted a trash can and toilet paper..

Well..

Not like Hannibal was going to miss the bin, and he could just get a new one..

Plus when nature calls, nature calls, right?

Whistling to himself as he undoes his zipper and pulled his pants down, closing the closet door behind him with a soft click, soon enough, a pleased groan was heard and a happy fucking relieved sigh.

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Had the two not seen the patrol motors in front of the gates of their shared home, Hannibal would of genuinely thought their home was broken into because the door was left open

Nigel practically appeared out of thin air behind him, after all this man wouldn’t miss the chaos he’s done, it made him whistle softly at the mess of boots, uniforms and police equipment "It feels like something went down here by two cops had we not know what actually happened.." he muttered as he at least had the modesty to pick up said scattered equipment from the floor and put them all on the table and the couch, hoping that none of them got damaged from the impact before following the rest of the equipment trail

“I’m afraid to see the damage they have done to the bathroom and each other because of your little prank,” Hannibal said, empty lunch bag in hand as he followed him, muttering that he truly had not partaken in this chaos his twin brother started and hopefully his husband would believe him or he just might strangle his own brother with one of his ties

Nigel, standing just beside the hall to the bathroom and kitchen up ahead, lit up a cigarette, and took a drag. He exhaled smoke away from the door. “Come on, Han. What’s the worst they could have done?”

Hannibal could only sigh and rub his face and wonder, how much damage could two men really deal when faced with the vicious call of nature.

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After the bantering and seeing that he may have broken his brother's nose when he swung the closet door at him and after making sure they were both clean and not in need to have another bout of nature calls, they sat on the table top in the kitchen, will with the first aid kit, fished out the cotton and plugged his twin's nostril with it and put a bandaid at the scratches he caused "maybe we should ask Hanni for another toilet on the ground floor? More convenient for situations like this.." he muttered as he put away the supplies.

Bobby rolled his eyes as he raised a brow "you didn't have to be a prude about it, maybe we could have even shared the damned toilet, will, we've shared a lot of things in our youth and lives and it's not like I haven't seen you fucking naked before!" He groaned as he twitched his nose.

Will looked at him with such disgust, it made Bobby snort and immediately regret it as he groaned in pain "I'm joking! For someone who sees bloody crime scenes can't believe this is where you draw the line, brother mine." He teased but he knows it really was, doesn't mean he wouldn't keep messing with him.

Will rolled his eyes and went over to the coffee machine to get them both a cup "What's more concerning is the fact we both had to go badly, what's your reason? I just had lunch and I'm sure my meal was freshly made by our dear Han before he headed to work, but they told me it was Nigel who left it by the station reception" he said as he handed his twin a warm cup as he joined him, sitting back beside him on the counter top.

Bobby raised a brow at him "Mine too, and mine was after I ate the dessert in the lunch bag, this whole portion of fruit salad, you?" He asked, finally sipping on his cup of coffee

Will's eyes snapped up at him as his brows joined his hairline "fruit salad.. yeah.. that's when my stomach started to act up too, a whole while after I ate it and we both know I don't use the station toilet, no offence but I've seen and heard when has gone down in there and I ain't joining the gossip corner" he snorted before hopping down the counter to go to their fridge, in search of said fruit salad.

Bobby rolled his eyes, knowing full well what he meant "yeah- and what are you up to over there, you can't possibly think it went bad, we made that the night prior" he huffed, nonetheless, hopping down the counter to get them a plate and spoons to check.

While the two were busy figuring out where their stomachs went wrong (as much as they would never want to doubt hannibal’s cooking) they have this gut feeling Nigel has something to do with it as they see that the salad at home didn’t taste the same from their lunches

This was creamier and a bit more tarte, theirs, as they concluded, tasted sweeter and a bit thicker.

They need to have a word with the Mutt.

Meanwhile, back in the living room, Hannibal and nigel were busy gathering the fallen items and figuring out who's handcuffs were who's
"Fuckin' hell Han, it's not important right? They won't know?"

The moment he turned to his brother as he held up a discarded radio, lo and behold, the neater between the brother's had his tickler notebook out and was looking at apparently the serial number on which belongs to who.

Nigel shouldn't of expected anything else from the other.

"You can help by looking for anything that has the serial 69 on it, it's your husband's" Hannibal supplied as he gathered his husband's respective equipment.

Nigel would have retorted with something lewd at the mention of 69 had he not heard matching footsteps heading their way.

"YOU BETTER STAY WHERE YOU ARE MUTT"
"WHAT THE FUCK NIGEL?"

"I'm fucked, Aren't I?" he says as he looks over to Hannibal
"Yes, and you will not drag me with you. Goodbye." he said as he clipped his brother's wrist with Will's handcuffs and secured him to the couch before walking away, heading to the study to hide.

"HAN YOU TRAITOR LET ME OUT OF THIS-" he screams the moment he realizes what his brother has done

A tsk was what he hears next, and all he could do was swallow thickly for what's to follow.

End Notes

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